

Vol. VI  
of X

# V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore  
and David Lloyd



Suggested  
For Mature  
Readers

\$2.00 US  
\$2.95 CAN



# V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists:  
Steve Whitaker  
Siobhan Dodds  
David Lloyd

Lettering:  
Jenny O'Connor  
Elitta Fell

#### V FOR VENDETTA 6

Published monthly by DC Comics Inc.  
606 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103  
© 1988 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved.  
The stories, characters and incidents  
mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.  
All characters featured in this issue  
and the distinctive likenesses thereof  
are trademarks of DC Comics Inc.  
Printed in Canada.

V FOR VENDETTA, Book 2  
Chapters 8, 9, 10 & 11 first published 1989  
in the United Kingdom by  
Quality Communications Limited  
DC Comics Inc.  
A Warner Communications Company





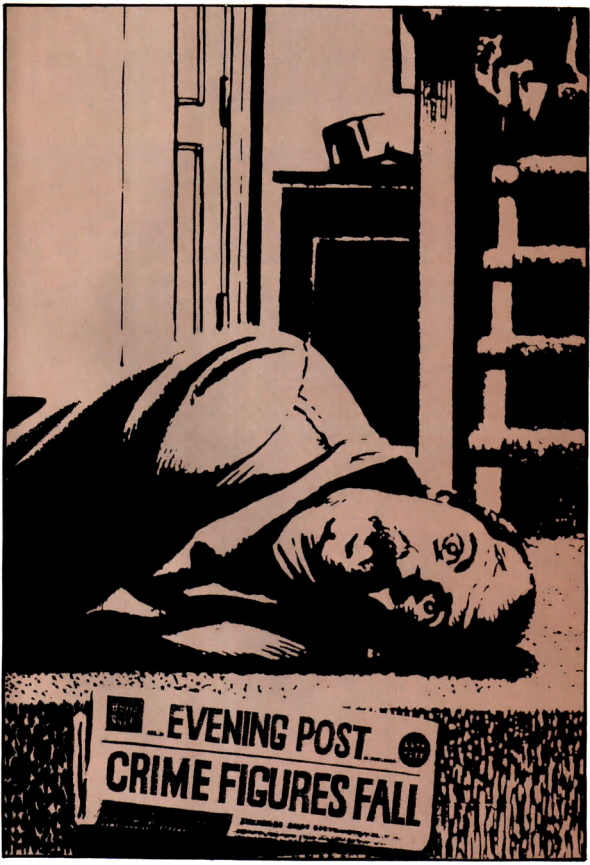
BEATS THE RECORD

EVENING POST

CRIME FIGURES FALL

Published by the Evening Post Company  
1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

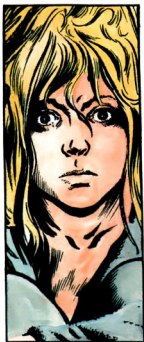
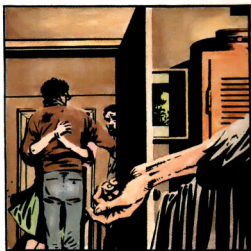


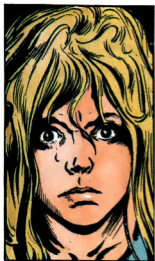


**THE EVENING POST** EST. 1881

**CRIME FIGURES FALL**

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]







CHAPTER 8  
VENGEANCE



EXCUSE ME...

OAH!!



I'M SORRY...

I'M SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

I WONDERED IF YOU KNEW WHERE THE STAGE DOOR WAS?

STAGE?



I HAVE A JOB. I START TONIGHT.

I CAN'T FIND THE STAGE DOOR.

UH... NO.



NO, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS. I'M SORRY PERHAPS ROUND THE BACK...?

YOUR NAME'S ROSE, ISN'T IT?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT.

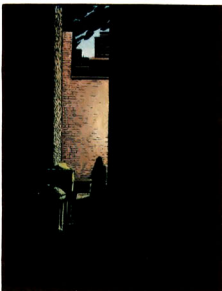
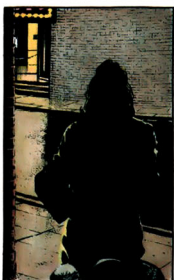
UH, WELL, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK...



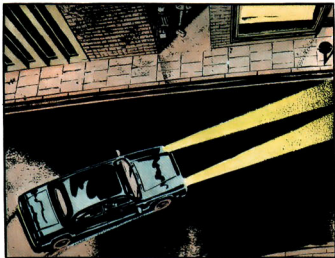
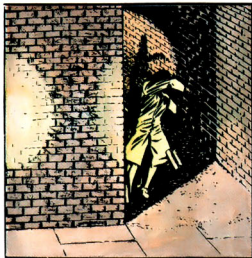
THANKS ANYWAY!

SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

THAT'S ALRIGHT.







EH, BOAS, Y' GETUN EN, EH?

EH, YIZZA TIGHT BASTUD, Y'URE...

EH, GO AN.

CISSA PINTA HEAVY ANNA BABYCHAM, FUH YIBELF, EH?

AM PESSAWF, WIYA P?

WHASSAMTER, BOAS? WEH CELEBRATIN!

DY NO FEEL LIKE CELEBRATIN OR WHA?

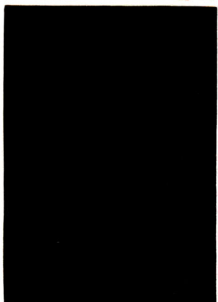
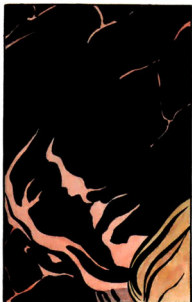
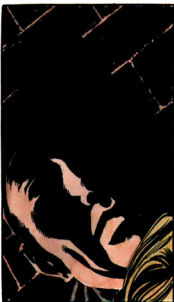


SPIKIN FUH MASEL, AM GETTUN STEAMIN!

... SO WHOOSA ONE WITHUH BEG TETS? EZZAT CAROLE?

NAY, THAS JEM'S BERD, WHASSANAKE, DIYAAH...









THE AIR AROUND ME IS COMPLETELY BLACK. I THINK THAT PERHAPS I'M BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE, DURING THE INTERVAL.

I SMELL ROSES AND THINK ABOUT THE SCENTED BIRTHDAY CARDS MY MOTHER FOUND IN A SHOE BOX AT OUR HOUSE ON SHOOTER'S HILL.

THE PETALS FALL, PENCIL SHAYINGS OF CREAM FLESH.

EVERYTHING CHANGES

THERE ARE MURLED BLIMPINGS NEARBY STAGE-HANDS ARE REARRANGING THE SCENERY

## CHAPTER 9 VICISSITUDE

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY. I'M STILL IN THE THEATRE, BUT I KNOW THAT IT'S REALLY OUR OLD HOUSE.

I CAN HEAR A PARTY IN THE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

"WAIK

They're wicki-wack going in Hawaii!

VALERIE PAGE  
HE ROSE FOREST

I KNOW IT'S A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR ME, BUT I HAVE A SINKING FEELING THAT IT WILL BE OVER BY THE TIME I GET THERE.

THE BLACK SHADOWS OF THE PAST  
BRED THIS HALF-MAK HALF-DEMON!  
He looks good like  
the other. But the other  
of the other other.  
He looks good like  
the other. But the other  
of the other other.  
He looks good like  
the other. But the other  
of the other other.

ROAD TO  
WEDDING

THE DEAD FOR  
IT'S TAKING ME SO LONG TO GET READY.  
BOGS. MAIL. L

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M BOTHERING TO GET DRESSED UP LIKE THIS, BUT I FEEL AS IF IT'S EXPECTED OF ME.

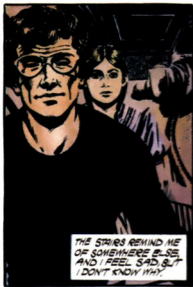
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO. I WANT TO GO TO THE PARTY NOW.

EVEY?

YOU'RE MISSING THE PARTY WE HIRED A PUNCH AND JUDY MAN SPECIALLY..

I'M GLAD DAD COULD COME HAVEN'T SEEN HIM MUCH SINCE I STARTED WORK AT THE MATCH FACTORY.

HE LEADS ME UPSTAIRS TO THE PARTY, AND I WONDER IF THIS IS OUR OLD HOUSE AFTER ALL.



THE STAIRS REMIND ME OF SOMEWHERE ELSE, AND I FEEL SAD, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



IT LOOKS LIKE I WILL GET TO THE PARTY AFTER ALL... BUT THEN DAD STEERS ME INTO ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.

HE WANTS TO SHOW ME THE SKY FROM THE WINDOW. HE SAYS IT'S YELLOW AND BLACK.



HE TELLS ME HE NEEDS MY OLD ROOM TO HIDE SOMETHING IN, BUT THAT I CAN SLEEP WITH HIM IN HERE FROM NOW ON.

THIS ROOM LOOKS FAMILIAR TOO, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



HE STARTS TO KISS ME, AND WE GET INTO BED.

I WONDER IF HE'S ILL? HE LOOKS SO OLD, SUDDENLY..



THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND MY MOTHER COMES IN. I REALISE THAT I'M IN BED WITH MY FATHER AND I START TO APOLOGISE.



SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND. SHE TELLS ME THAT THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN IS ABOUT TO START.



I REALISE THAT SHE WANTS TO BE ALONE WITH DAD, SO I GO NEXT DOOR.

OUTSIDE, THE CORRIDOR LOOKS DIFFERENT. I'M CERTAIN NOW: THIS ISN'T OUR HOUSE.



BUT WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY, I REMEMBER THAT I'M AT AN OLD FOLKS HOME IN SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN HAS BEEN ARRANGED TO ENTERTAIN THE INMATES. WHY DID I THINK IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY?

I MOVE THROUGH THE CROWD FOR A BETTER LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING ON STAGE. SOME VOLUNTEERS HAVE GONE UP FROM THE AUDIENCE...

THEY'RE STANDING IN A LINE IN FRONT OF MR PUNCH. I THINK I KNOW SOME OF THEM.

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?

THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT!

OH, DEAR DEAR DEAR

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY STOP HIM? EVERYBODY'S JUST LAUGHING!

I RUN OFF TO FIND MY MUM AND DAD, KNOWING AS I DO SO THAT HE'S SURE TO FOLLOW ME.



I'M VERY FRIGHTENED NOW. I DON'T RECOGNISE ANY OF THE CORRIDORS, AND THE MR PLUNCH-MAN WILL TURN THE CORNER BEHIND ME ANY SECOND.



I CAN HEAR MY HEART HAMMERING INSIDE ME. THERE IS NO OTHER NOISE IN THE WHOLE THEATRE.



EVERYBODY ELSE MUST BE DEAD. DAD, MUM, GORDON...



THEY'VE LEFT ME ALONE WITH HIM.



I TURN AND RUN BACK THE WAY I'VE COME, BUT THE CORRIDOR HAS GONE...



AND THERE'S A BIG FLIGHT OF SPIRAL STAIRS INSTEAD.

MY LEGS ARE HEAVY. I CAN HARDLY MOVE THEM. HE'S GOING TO CATCH ME.



I GET TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND LOOK DOWN THE WELL.

HE'S COMING UP AFTER ME. ROUND AND ROUND HE GOES...

I REMEMBER THAT THERE'S  
A LIFT UP HERE THAT GOES  
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE  
BASEMENT.

I'LL NEVER GET TO IT  
IN TIME.

PLEASE DON'T LET THE  
DOORS SHUT BEFORE  
I GET TO IT.

OH, THANK  
GOD.

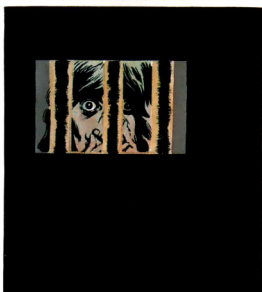
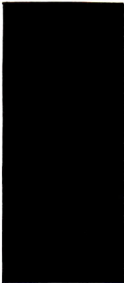
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME.

I'M ALMOST THERE!

DOWN, DOWN TO THE  
CRAWLING FLOOR. HE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE THE  
SPIRS, AND...











THERE'S A RAT.



I GIT ON THE COT, HARD WOOD AGAINST MY BUM, KNEES STIFF WITH CRAMP DRAWN UP TO MY CHIN...

THERE'S A RAT.

I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL, EXCEPT THERE'S A RAT, AND I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME...



THERE'S FOUR WALLS, TWO WINDOWS WITH SIX BARS, ONE TOILET WITH NO SEAT, AND THERE'S A WOODEN PARTITION, AND A COT, AND CARVED ON THE COT IS THE NAME "EMMA"...

...AND THERE'S ME...



...AND THERE'S A RAT.

## CHAPTER 10 VERMIN



LATER, THE RAT HAS GONE.



I HEAR TWO MEN TALKING IN THE CORRIDOR. SHORTLY, A TRAY COMES THROUGH THE APERTURE IN THE DOOR.

I CAN'T EAT IT.

IF I DON'T EAT IT, THE RAT WILL COME BACK.



I STILL CAN'T EAT IT.

THERE'S A SOCKET RIGHT UP NEAR THE CEILING, BUT NO BULB.

WHEN THE WINDOW LIGHT FAILS, IT'S DARK. I TRY TO SLEEP.



THERE'S A RAT.



LATER, WAKING UP, VOICES...

SHE'S ASLEEP...

LAZY LITTLE COW.



WAKY-WAKY, DARLIN'...

COME ON, YOU CLAPPED 'OUT LITTLE PRO... MOVE IT!

PLEASE DO THE NECESSARY, ROSSITER.



SIR.



WHAT...?

MY GOD.

SO THIS SCRAWNY SPECIMEN IS THE FAMOUS MISS HAMMOND...



NO! WHERE AM I? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? I WON'T...

SHUT UP.



STOP IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PLEASE, I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING. WHAT AM I HERE FOR? I...



I SAID SHUT YOUR HOLE.



WALKING. I CAN'T SEE... HANDS, PUSHING ME, HARD, IN THE BACK...

FINALLY, WE STOP.

ALRIGHT. TAKE IT OFF...

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS  
THAT MAKE ME SQUINT,  
AND A MAN, SITTING DOWN...



MY HANDS ARE SHAKING AND  
I WANT TO GO TO THE TOILET.

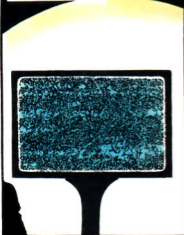
HE ASKS IF I  
KNOW WHY  
I'M HERE.

I SAY NO.

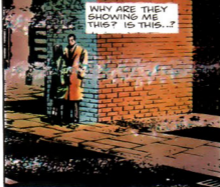


HE CALLS ME A LYING LITTLE  
BASTARD, AND I FEEL LIKE I'VE  
BEEN HIT IN THE STOMACH.

THEY SHOW ME  
SOME FILMS NEXT.



THERE'S A GIRL TALKING TO A MAN.  
SHE'S GHOVING HER HIPS OUT AT  
HIM, BUT IT LOOKS CLUMSY AND  
AWFUL. SHE'S A PROSTITUTE, I THINK.



WHY ARE THEY  
SHOWING ME  
THIS? IS THIS...?

OH.



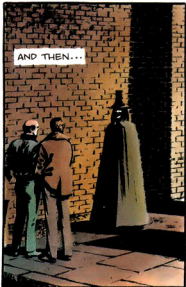
OH, IT'S ME.



LAST NOVEMBER...  
WESTMINSTER  
BRIDGE, AND...



... THEY WERE GOING TO  
RAPE ME. THEY HAD ME  
UP AGAINST A WALL AND  
THEY WERE GOING TO  
KILL ME, AND THEN...



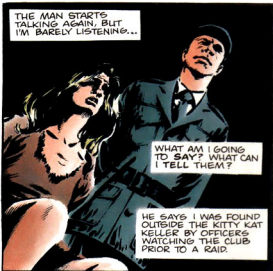
AND THEN...



OH CHRIST.



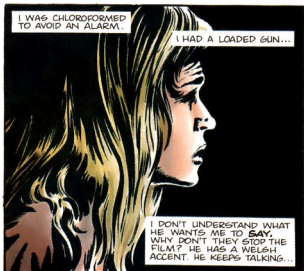
THEY KNOW.



THE MAN STARTS TALKING AGAIN, BUT I'M BARELY LISTENING...

WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY? WHAT CAN I TELL THEM?

HE SAYS I WAS FOUND OUTSIDE THE KITTY KAT KELLER BY OFFICERS WATCHING THE CLUB PRIOR TO A RAID.



I WAS CHLOROFORMED TO AVOID AN ALARM.

I HAD A LOADED GUN...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTS ME TO SAY. WHY DON'T THEY STOP THE FILM? HE HAS A WELSH ACCENT. HE KEEPS TALKING...



... AND THEN HE TELLS ME THAT I'M TO BE FORMALLY CHARGED WITH THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF SENIOR OFFICER PETER CREEDEY A FREQUENT CUSTOMER OF THE KITTY KAT KELLER...

... AND THEN THE MAN BEHIND ME PUTS THE BLINDFOLD BACK ON.

BLIND, STUMBLING, SOMEONE'S  
HAND ON MY WRISTS, TIGHT  
ENOUGH TO HURT...

WE GO SOMEWHERE. THEY  
PUSH ME DOWN. I SCREAM,  
EXPECTING TO FALL...

... BUT THERE'S  
A CHAIR.

SOMEONE GRABS  
HOLD OF MY HAIR...



WHAT ARE THEY DOING?  
I FEEL THEM CUTTING AT IT.

... AND THEN THERE'S  
SOMETHING WET...

THEY'RE...

OH NO.  
OH GOD...

THEY DON'T  
NEED TO DO  
THIS...



AFTER A LONG TIME,  
IT'S FINISHED.



A DOOR OPENS.  
I CAN HEAR A  
WOMAN'S VOICE,  
VERY CLOSE...

A DOCTOR? DID I HEAR  
SOMEONE SAY THAT?

THEY STAND  
ME UP, AND...

... I AM GIVEN...  
AN EXAMINATION...

I THINK IT'S  
THE WOMAN.

... AND THEN THEY  
TAKE ME  
SOMEWHERE ELSE...

... AND THEY TAKE  
OFF THE BLINDFOLD...

... AND THERE'S  
A CELL...



... AND THERE'S  
A RAT.



ONLY NOW,  
I DON'T MIND  
THE RAT...

... BECAUSE I'M  
NO BETTER.

LATER, WAKING UP...  
OH GOD, I REMEMBER.  
THEY CUT OFF MY HAIR...

... IT'S DARK, AND I  
CRY FOR A LONG TIME...

WHAT WOKE ME?  
A NOISE...  
RUSTLING...

THERE'S A RAT...

I GET UP, IT'S ALMOST  
LIGHT AND I CAN SEE  
THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

THERE'S SOMETHING  
STICKING OUT OF IT...

NOT A RAT...

TOILET PAPER?

BUT WHY...?

THERE ARE FIVE  
PAGES, WRITTEN  
IN PENCIL.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. PLEASE  
BELIEVE. THERE IS NO WAY I CAN CONVINCE  
YOU THAT THIS IS NOT ONE OF THEIR TRICKS  
BUT I DON'T CARE. I AM ANF, AND I DON'T  
KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE YOU.  
I HAVE A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE THEY DID NOT  
FIND. I AM A WOMAN. I HID IT INSIDE ME  
PERHAPS I WON'T BE ABLE TO WRITE  
AGAIN, SO THIS IS A LONG LETTER ABOUT  
MY LIFE. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
I WILL EVER WRITE AND OH GOD I'M  
WRITING IT ON TOILET PAPER.

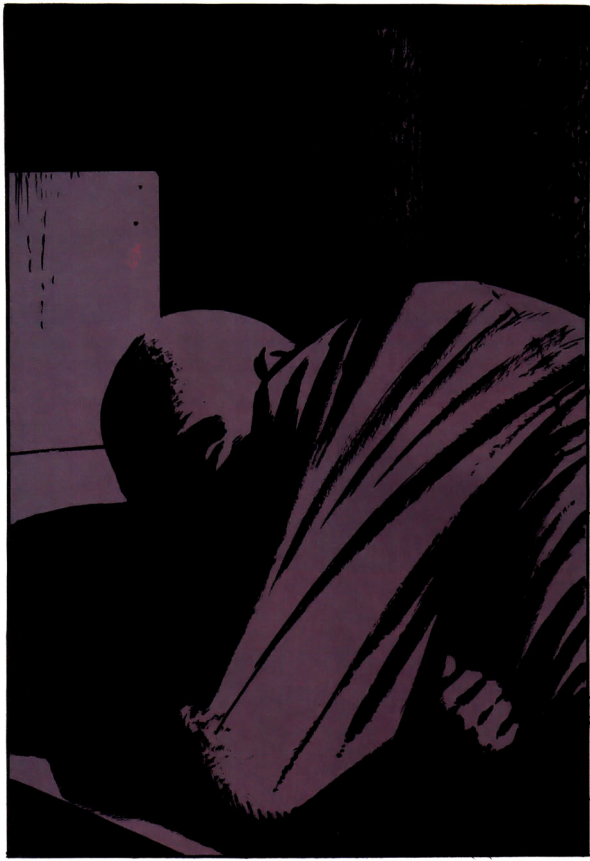


I LOOK AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE  
LAST PAGE FIRST.

HER NAME IS  
VALERIE...







I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS CELL. I KNOW EVERY PITTED INDENTATION IN THE ROUGH PLASTER LIKE I KNOW MY OWN BODY.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

I KNOW IT GETS DARK AND THEN LIGHT; THAT I WAKE, THEN SLEEP. THAT TIME PASSES MEASURED IN HAIR GROWING BACK BENEATH MY ARMS WHERE THEY WON'T LET ME SHAVE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS.

I KNOW THAT THERE'S A WOMAN WHO WROTE ME A LETTER ON TOILET PAPER. I KNOW SHE'S ALONE. I KNOW THAT SHE LOVES ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.

I READ HER LETTER, I HIDE IT. I SLEEP. I WAKE, THEY QUESTION ME, I CRY. IT GETS DARK, IT GETS LIGHT, I READ HER LETTER AGAIN...

... OVER AND OVER...

HER NAME'S VALERIE...

## CHAPTER II VALERIE

...T KNOW WHO YOU ARE.  
... THERE IS NO WAY I CAN  
... THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE  
... NT CARE. I AM ME,  
... WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE  
... A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE  
... A WOMAN. I HAD IT  
... I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
... THIS IS A LONG LETTER  
... IT IS THE ONLY AUTOGR  
... ER WRITE AND ON CO  
... IT ON TOILET PAPER

"I WAS BORN IN NOTTINGHAM  
IN 1957 AND IT RAINED A  
LOT. I PASSED MY ELEVEN  
PLUS AND WENT TO GIRL'S  
GRAMMAR. I WANTED TO  
BE AN ACTRESS.

"I MET MY FIRST  
GIRLFRIEND AT  
SCHOOL.

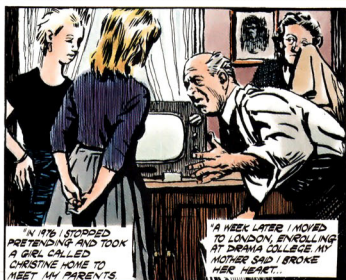
"HER NAME WAS SARA.  
SHE WAS FOURTEEN  
AND I WAS FIFTEEN  
BUT WE WERE BOTH  
IN MISS WATSON'S  
CLASS.

"HER WRISTS. HER  
WRISTS WERE  
BEAUTIFUL.



"I SAT IN BIOLOGY  
CLASS, STARING AT  
THE PICKLED RABBIT  
HEAD IN ITS JAR,  
LISTENING WHILE  
MR. HIRD SAID IT WAS  
AN ADOLESCENT  
PHASE THAT  
PEOPLE OUTGROW...

"SARA DID  
I DIDN'T.



"IN 1976 I STOPPED  
PRETENDING AND TOOK  
A GIRL CALLED  
CHRISTINE HOME TO  
MEET MY PARENTS.

"A WEEK LATER I MOVED  
TO LONDON, ENROLLING  
AT DRAMA COLLEGE. MY  
MOTHER SAID I BROKE  
HER HEART...



"... BUT IT WAS MY INTEGRITY THAT  
WAS IMPORTANT. IS THAT SO  
SELFISH? IT BELLS FOR SO  
LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE  
HAVE LEFT IN THIS PLACE.

"IT IS THE VERY LAST  
INCH OF U.S.



"... BUT WITHIN THAT  
INCH WE ARE FREE."

ALRIGHT

NOW, MISS HAMMOND, LET'S REVIEW THE FACTS.

YOU WORK FOR CODENAME Y. CODENAME Y KILLS SECURITY OFFICERS. PETER CREEDEY IS A SECURITY OFFICER. HE FREQUENTS THE KITTY HAT KILLER.

YOU WERE FOUND OUTSIDE THE ESTABLISHMENT WITH A LOADED GUN.

NO!  
NO, PLEASE, THAT ISN'T TRUE...

OH DEAR, ROSSITER.

YOU WERE PLANNING TO MURDER MR. CREEDEY UNDER THE ORDERS OF CODENAME Y.

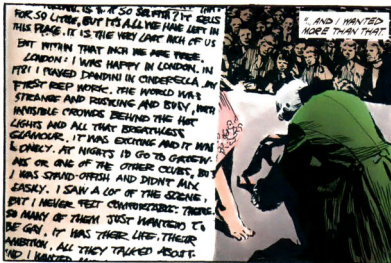
ISN'T THAT WHAT HAPPENED, MISS HAMMOND?

SIR.

NO!  
WAIT!  
PLEASE DON'T.

LONDON:

'I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON.'



...IT'S A SO SORRY? MY BELLS FOR SO LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT IN THIS PLACE. IT IS THE VERY LAST RICH OF US ENT WITHIN THAT MUCH WE ARE FREE. LONDON: I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON. IN 1951 I PLAYED DANDINI IN CINDERELLA MY FIRST REAL WORK. THE WORLD WAS STRANGE AND RISKING AND BOLD, WITH VISIBLE CROWDS BEHIND THE HOT LIGHTS AND ALL THAT BRIGHTNESS'S GLAMOUR. IT WAS EXCITING AND IT WAS ONLY. AT NIGHTS I'D GO TO GREENWAYS OR ONE OF THE OTHER CLUBS, BUT I WAS STAND-OFFISH AND DIDN'T MIX EASILY. I SAW A LOT OF THE SCENE, BUT I NEVER FEEL COMFORTABLE. THERE SO MANY OF THEM JUST WANTED TO BE GO, IT WAS THEIR LIFE, THEIR AMBITION, ALL THEY TALKED ABOUT. AND I HATED...

...AND I WANTED MORE THAN THAT.



"WORK IMPROVED. I GOT SMALL FILM ROLES, THEN BIGGER ONES.

"IN 1956 I STARTED IN THE SALT FLATS. IT PULLED IN THE AWARDS BUT NOT THE CROWDS.



"I MET RUTH WHILE WORKING ON THAT.

"WE LOVED EACH OTHER.

"WE LIVED TOGETHER AND ON VALENTINE'S DAY SHE SENT ME ROSES AND ON GOD, WE HAD SO MUCH.

"THOSE WERE THE BEST THREE YEARS OF MY LIFE.



"IN 1958 THERE WAS THE WAR...



"...AND AFTER THAT THERE WERE NO MORE ROSES.



"NOT FOR ANYBODY.



"IN 1993, AFTER THE TAKE-OVER, THEY STARTED ROUNDING UP THE GAYS. THEY TOOK RUTH WHILE SHE WAS OUT LOOKING FOR FOOD.

"WHY ARE THEY SO FRIGHTENED OF US?"

"THEY BURNED HER WITH CIGARETTE ENDS AND MADE HER GIVE THEM MY NAME. SHE SIGNED A STATEMENT SAYING I'D SEDUCED HER.

"I DIDN'T BLAME HER.

"GOD I LOVED HER. I DIDN'T BLAME HER.

"BUT SHE DID."

"SHE KILLED HERSELF IN HER CELL. SHE COULDN'T LIVE WITH BETRAYING ME, WITH GIVING UP THAT LAST NCH.

"THEY CAME FOR ME. THEY TOLD ME THAT ALL MY FILMS WOULD BE BURNED.

"THEY SHAVED OFF MY HAIR. THEY HELD MY HEAD DOWN A TOILET BOY. AND TOLD JOKES ABOUT LESBIANS.

"OH RUTH.

"THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND GAVE ME DRUGS. I CAN'T FEEL MY TONGUE ANYMORE. I CAN'T SPEAK.

"THE OTHER GAY WOMAN HERE, RITA, DIED TWO WEEKS AGO. I IMAGINE I'LL DIE QUITE SOON.

"IT IS STRANGE THAT MY LIFE SHOULD END IN SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE, BUT FOR THREE YEARS I HAD ROSES AND I APOLOGISED TO NOBODY.

"EXCEPT ONE.

"I SHALL DIE HERE. EVERY NCH OF ME SHALL PERISH..."



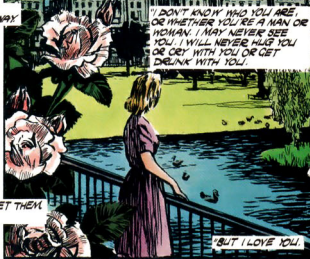


"IT'S SMALL AND IT'S FRAGILE AND IT'S THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD THAT'S WORTH HAVING."



"WE MUST NEVER LOSE IT, OR SELL IT, OR GIVE IT AWAY."

"WE MUST NEVER LET THEM TAKE IT FROM US."



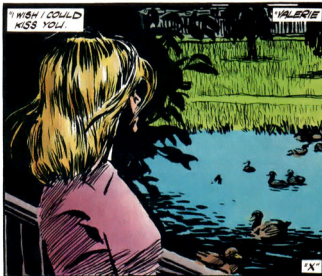
"I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OR WHETHER YOU'RE A MAN OR WOMAN. I MAY NEVER SEE YOU. I WILL NEVER HUG YOU OR CRY WITH YOU OR GET DRUNK WITH YOU."

"BUT I LOVE YOU."



"I HOPE THAT YOU ESCAPE THIS PLACE."

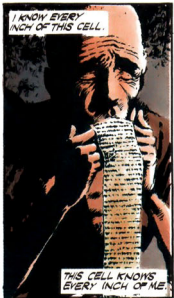
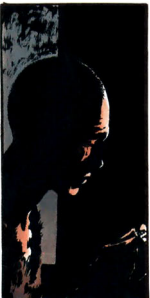
"I HOPE THAT THE WORLD TURNS AND THAT THINGS GET BETTER, AND THAT ONE DAY PEOPLE HAVE ROSES AGAIN."



"I WISH I COULD KISS YOU."

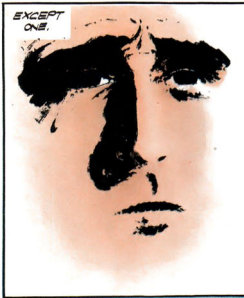
"VALERIE"

"X"



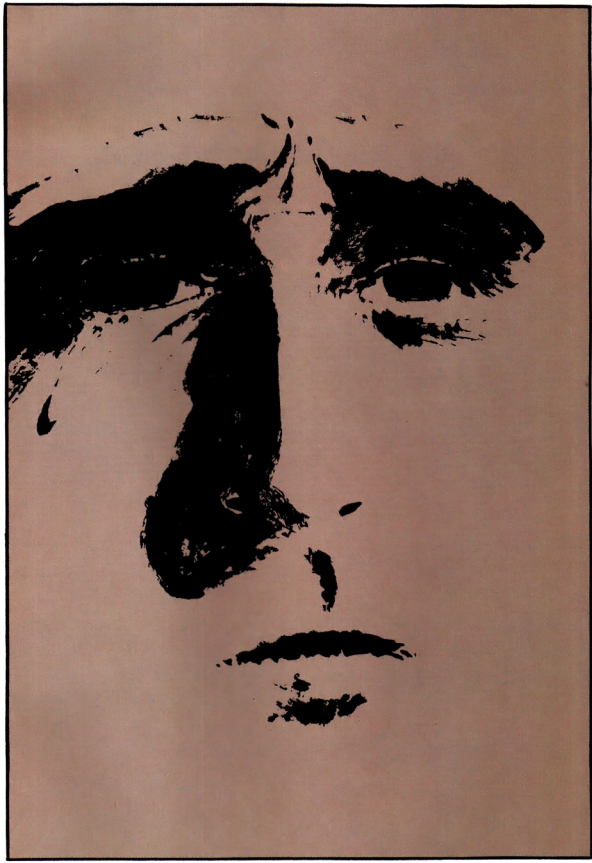
"I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS CELL."

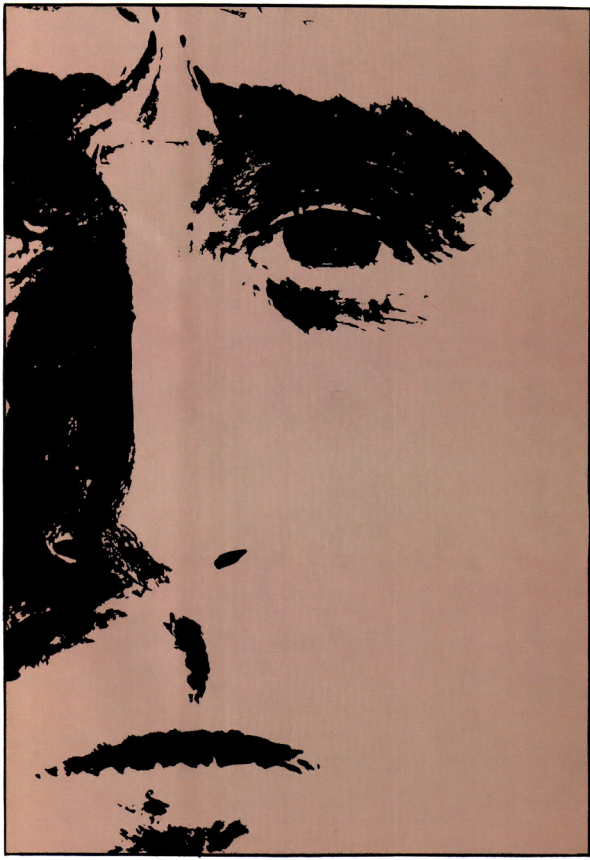
"THIS CELL KNOWS EVERY INCH OF ME."



"EXCEPT ONE."









**DC COMICS INC.**

**PRESIDENT  
AND PUBLISHER  
JENETTE KAHN**

**VP.-EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
DICK GIORDANO**

**EDITOR  
KAREN BERGER**

**ASST. EDITOR  
ART YOUNG**

**ART DIRECTOR  
RICHARD BRUNING**

**MGR.-EDITORIAL ADMIN.  
TERRI CUNNINGHAM**

**MGR.-TALENT  
RELATIONS  
PAT BASTIENNE**

**PRODUCTION DIRECTOR  
BOB ROZAKIS**

**EXECUTIVE V.P.  
PAUL LEVITZ**

**VP.-CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
JOE ORLANDO**

**V.P.-SALES  
& MARKETING  
BRUCE BRISTOW**

**CIRCULATION  
DIRECTOR  
MATT RAGONE**

**CONTROLLER  
PAT CALDON**



*The Hon. Gen. Sir...*  
1944



BY THE MARQUIS OF  
LORNE, K.T. & HOW HIS  
GRACE, THE DUKE OF  
ARGYLL

PRINTED BY J. & W. H. M. G. & CO.  
PUBLISHED BY...

